
AMBULANCE A STORY FROM EIGHT YEARS HOLY DEFENSE



Author: Aliakbar Mirza Aghaei

Translator: Kavos Navidan

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In The Name Of God

AMBULANCE

A SHORT STORY



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Investigator & Author: Aliakbar Mirza aghaei
(khansary)

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Phone No: +982177259020 & +982177034515 Mob: +989121052987
email: sibesadegh@gmail.com

OFFER TO

PROPHETS, IMMAMS, MARTYRS, RIGHTEOUS
AND VERACIOUS.

PARTICULAR to FATIMA ZAHRA (A S).
AND SHAHID NAZARY's FAMILI.

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Preface

Mirza Aghaei khansary is an Iranian Author and investigator in which is interested in helping to all of the world people's health. He has written 4 books within fifteen years which has been taken into consideration by all of community in the society. Mirza Aghaei is interested in all of his books so that, to be written with a research and investigation and monitoring in which to be effective. Whatever he says, at first being implemented on his existence and then putting to test in the society and then to write with simple language in which all of the people can get benefited easily and with confidence.

His first book was named as "Triangle of Health" which is a book for easy training,applicable for health of all of fat and slim people and others. As mentioned book has been published up to sixth edition without promotion. The next book was mystery of health which is nominated in relation with rectification and healthy life style so that book was selected for five thousand exhibits in five thousand school. Third book named as hello to Bike (Salam Docharkheh) which is a simple, smooth, calm and

silent story for all of people in which has been reviewed by training resource management office of Ministry of education and has been recognized as good book. Forth book named as detection of haft sin again (first sin senjed) which is story of seven magic food in which has been published recently by Seibeh sadegh publication and has been ornamented to nature and now Ambulance in which is lasting tradition from eight years of holy defense with simple and smooth pen in which offers a part of sacrificing of people of this land to Iranian hero nation.

Seibeh sadegh publication

ABSTRACTION

This book is one of my special and interesting works of authorship in which was my desire to write it, since some years ago. I was thinking and reviewing about it and was telling to myself that some times when I find necessary time and the opportunity, I will start to write it. I must tell that among of many of authorship work of a writer it may be one work be pleasant and attractive.

“Ambulance“ is really a spiritual and pleasant work. Some times when I think with myself whether a book reader which reads a book, understands that authorship’s work is among of those books in which Author has finished the work with hard working. Or whether it is including in a group of those books in which has been written easily and with enthusiasm. Perhaps an Author cannot be judge his authorship work. Anyway those who has read the “Ambulance“ book has liked. Hence as I believed before and now believe that this book is one of my best authorship work in which has been together with Hardworking, Enthusiasm, Love, Smiles and Tears, Letters, Words and Sentences.

The book <Ambulance> has made me away from present time, years and distances and took me to heart of history and my mother place and in that time which the enemy wants to change the geography of this country within three days, which string, it was an illusion! The book <Ambulance> is a real story which is a drop of sacrifice of people of this land in which the writer has turned a page from the history of warfare where he was present at the same warfare and accompanied the reader with narrator without going to devious which at the end prays for Sacrifice, Endurance and Victory of people of Islamic of Iran. May God Willing.

Aliakbar Mirsa Aghaei

THE GOOD MOMENTS OF LIFE

Write down the good moments of own life or take photos from them and /or record them on the file in the computer system. Then remember them at the most of times and think about them and enjoy the moments.

Long time ago it was in my mind that to write some subject regarding imposed war or on the better word holy defense, but there was no opportunity. Finally that day reached and my willpower for writing, it has been prepared on the day of martyrdom of Imam Reza in year 1394. Because on that day it was appointed to bury eight unknown martyrdom of holy defense in which was investigated from south and west region of country through ceremony from Haft Hose square in the area named Eight Funeral in the Heart of fountain of Fadak park of Tehran. Undoubtedly honor to be taken part In this spiritual ceremony, my writing motivation got multiplied. Hence I started the work and my first action was nomination of the book in which I had thought about it before and I had chosen the name as “Ambulance” for it. Yes “Ambulance, because for the first time I went to war

front by Ambulance. I liked to write a part of story of war with movement of Ambulance wheels. So I went after my photo album in the afternoon on that day so that to take my pictures regarding to holy defense and narrate a story about it. Now it has passed around more than thirty years from that time! I opened the photo album and took them in my hand one by one, looked at them, it was very deep look in which that I could not take my eyes from them easily. With these pictures I have spent many years and many miles away. In a way that I could not put one picture to the ground and look at another picture! The pictures were remembered me the tears and smiles. Now, I reached from my childhood pictures to childhood pictures of my children which they are at the stage of marriage. But I have not seen the warfront photos yet. I feel it is evening time. I ask from my daughter to turn on the radio so that to hear the Azan and not to miss the congregational prayer. After few minutes I heard the sound of the muezzin. Then I put the photo album some corner, so that to go to mosque and continue my work after my return.

THE WAR FRONT PICTURES IS ANOTHER WORLD

After return from mosque I reviewed the photos of album again, I try to let go of personal and family ties, but while looking at my parent photos I feel in my heart their empty place, Tear in my eyes knocks, unfortunately the numbers

of warfront pictures in the album which I was thinking are not in the last order and from layout point of view they are outspread some times. Among of thirty visible photos beside of other people, few friends and leaders have been passed away, two of them have been martyred and some of them have been veteran and group of friends spend their adulthood and old age and from some of them I do not have any news but the memory of all of them are alive in my thoughts. The imposed war lasted eight years and it was not a short time. Each moment of holy defense is an unwritten book. There is only enough time that each men and women which has understood that period takes a pen and writes his memories, because all of Iranian good people in the whole world was involved in the war. Even symbol of toy for children was inspired of war and warfront. Basically war is not a good phenomenon, specially imposed war! But we have to defense from our home country and mother land so that posterity like we, not to suffer and be sorrows of the political Treaty of Golestan and Turkmenchay. I was not among the people who went to warfronts for the first time, but I was not among of the last people in warfront. At the beginning of war I was 22 years old, single and had activity to be present in revolutionary works and whenever there was necessary to help I was ready to help. Now after about thirty five years I wants to move my pen on the paper and

put on memorial a corner of stamina and sacrifice of people of this land.

DRIVING IN THE ROAD

More than few month has not passed from victory of Islamic revolution. Where ever needed to manpower we were going hastily, like south of khorasan's flood, helping to needy people, helping in medical and relief operation and opposition with anti revolution and was a part of our activity. Performance of any work which was related to revolution, I was ready to do, until the trumpet of war was played and all of people departed to warfront but we were yet shocked! What is the war? I had seen war only in the films. Really I was not knowing the meaning of war but anyway departed to war front. The news came that Iranian philanthropists of the southern Persian Gulf countries in order to help to Islamic warriors have provided number of ambulances and have sent to Bandar Abbas by ship, therefore some drivers were needed to go there and bring the ambulances to Tehran. The responsible people of Imam Khomeini committee in which we had cooperation with them wanted from people who posses driving certificate be ready so to go to Bandar Abbas. At that time there was no organizational position and administrative benefits in which now is an official norms! There was only love for revolutionary work and so on, At that time engineers were sweeping, the rich people were

washing the dish, ladies were preparing warfront tools and rescuers and everyone was performing any work in relation with revolution and war, they did not withholding the least. All of them were unanimous so that to kick out the enemy from home. I also for this type of work was ready and alert. In due day in present Islamic Parliament area in Baharestan square where at that time it was place for Islamic revolutionary central committee seat and Imam Khomeini Aid committee and martyr Foundation, I was on the bus where its destination was Bandar Abbas. Of course before getting on the bus, I made a mistake and I did not tell to authorities that my driving certificate is new and its stamp is not dried yet and till now I have not driven on the road. With greetings and salutations and unique joy my first long trip was started after Islamic revolution. There was dominated so enthusiasm and passion in the bus that I did not feel the long distance trip by the old bus in which now people do not willing to get on. around next day we reached to Bandar Abbas. Our seating was Bandar abbas hotel Homa. Next day morning along with group we went to customs office. After entry to nearby waterfront as far as the eye was working, the small and big ships were anchored. For the first time I was seeing the Giant ships closely. Before that I had seen the photos of ships only in the films. I had a strange feeling. Our bus was like a match box compared with Giant ships. A ship was unloading wheat, another ship was loading a container, and other

ships were in queue of unloading, Bandar Abbas was only a lifeblood and nearest port of country from south after khorramshahr city. Our bus after a few minutes stopped somewhere and we got out of it, the ship in which carting Ambulance were berthed along the waterfront gradually and special cranes were ready for work and with the help of special ropes the white and oval shape of Toyota ambulances one by one discharged out of ship. When each ambulance was placed on the ground, one person from the same group was getting on and was moving towards the door of custom office. Till the eye was on the work the white ambulance were in the line continuously and finally head of the group came and with declaration of team leader we started to move, our destination was Tehran and through the Bandar Abbas – Kerman road. Smell of new ambulance, making a good and palatability feeling in me. Everything was new, even my driving certificate! In the beginning I was driving slowly, it was calm, but when the distance between ambulances became more. I don't know why the fear clutched on me. I had kept the steering wheel of ambulance so tightly that it seems that I had in my hand the bridle of a wild horse. Thus I achieved my first driving experience in the road and in the rout of Bandar Abbas - kerman and with the help of ambulance.



Bandar Abbas – hotel Homa – from left: Mr. Ali Rahimi Sefat (with glasses)-middl one? –Mirza aghai

FEELING HOMESICK AT DRIVING TIME

Driving in two ways of Bandar abbas-Kerman-Tehran road was full of trucks and trailers. It was very hard driving specially for the driver in which he was thinking that he is carting the ambulance on his shoulders! driving in the road which was breathtaking and terrible along with continuous beeps of trailers and trucks which the sound of their beeps were heard from far-off, it had been taken the peace and calmness from me. Truck and other carrier vehicle drivers was blurting their irritation for the reason of slow movement of an ambulance train with trumpet beeps. Then when we left the Bandar abbas about ten or twenty kilometer away ambulances queue changed and the distance between them became more. Now in between

distances of ambulances trucks and trailers and other personal vehicles were moving. For this reason I was worried of the creation of distances between my ambulance and other ambulances. Although this distance was useful for my driving experience. but I was feeling homesick. Because when ambulances were moving on seriate I thought it was easy. But now I should control and do all innovation and creativity of safety in driving. Driving in Bandar abbas to kerman city was like swimming of a untrained swimmer in wavy and stormy sea.

DEATH ALARM IN BANDAR ABBAS ROAD

The distance between Bandar Abbas to Tehran was about one thousand and six hundred kilometer. I was thinking to my mistake and was telling to myself that, what an action I did and said them that I posses driving permit, Now how to drive up to Tehran? From other side I was ashamed to tell them that I am worry about ambulance and myself that to meet an incident! From other side also we had duty to drive the ambulances at safe to Tehran and then transport them to south war areas in which to help the war wounded ones. Lest, we may meet an incident and problem in this road? Now if I wanted to say it to someone there was no body! For the reason that all ambulances had some distance between them and then our first appointment was Sirjan city. There was no wireless, no Telephone and no

other type of connection. Any one was riding an ambulance and had gone to the road! I don't know whether some other person was similar to me in the group or not! Thereafter I experienced the shadow of death with all of my mine from a short distance when I overtook unwarranted over the truck in my whole life, the low speed of ambulance and more speed of truck put me on the middle of road and towards to anti rout in such a way that I had pressed the beep with all of my power and my feet was on the gas pedal! While I reached to beside of truck horse suddenly I reached to cornering and tunnel in which I was seeing for the first time and I saw in my front, the truck was coming with bright lights and repeated beeps so that death alarm was sounded. I had no option except pressing the gas pedal and overtaking from trailer horse and I had stuck the steering wheel of ambulance firmly and my foot was pressing the gas pedal with the latest power. My breath was Imprisoned in my chest, deuce death was looking at me in front of my eyes. I remember only, that truck driver came out of tunnel and taking of the truck towards dirt road and putting himself to danger, freed my breaths in which was imprisoned in my chest and gave me life again. Now it is yet, I breath the dusts of truck's wheels that has presented my airflow life again and I thank to merciful God and offer my sincere greetings to such drivers which spend their life in the roads and make the economic wheels and people life to

move. Afterwards I was a swimmer that has learned the swimming in the ocean and then the road guide signs had meaningful for me. Lines in middle and sides of road was my traffic border and I put into effect in the road whatever subjects which I had read in the driving regulations book and had given test, so that by passing the distance of one thousand and six hundred kilometer to reach to the destination calmly.

FROM SIRJAN CITY TO BAHARESTAN

The white and oval shape Toyota ambulance in which it was very light and had no equipment even least part of first Aid supplies, while I was taking over the ambulance from trucks and other vehicles with consideration of wind blow, the rear wheels of ambulance were taken from the ground and I was keeping the steering wheel firmly in my hands. When at the evening of war time in which was similar to current mid night and people of Sirjan city had gone to their homes and a strange silent was dominated in the city, I reached to city square and saw the other ambulances were waiting to the last ambulance. It seemed that I had to walk at home again and while I was sitting with other friends specially Ali Rahimi Sefat together in the city guesthouse, I got new life again when we were talking regarding how to drive in the road. After eating of dinner we slept there and the next day moved towards Tehran and passed the cities one by one till we reached to

Qom city. I was feeling good as we were reaching closer to Tehran, and my driving style was getting better. Then after an hour we reached to pay toll and after some moments we passed the streets of Tehran victorious, we reached to Ray street and then to Baharestan square. While we parked the ambulances side by side safely in the parking area, I had an easy breath, immediately I delivered the ambulance switch to relevant authorities. It was decided at the same place to make ready our trip sacks for going to south warfront and Abadan city in which was surrounded by the enemy.

We were in a group which we had the honor to be at service in which Mr. Golmohammadi, Haj Hossain Merati and Mr. Nasrullah Chamran had undertaken the responsibility, Haj Hosain Merati was kind and humorist, and Haj Mahmud Golmohammadi was a brave and lovable man and Mr. Nasrullah Chamran who was symbol of a perfect human with unbeatable property. Ali Rahimi sefat and Mr. Hashemi and others were in our group in which I don't remember their names. Mr.chamran was doing photography and making historical snapshot of moments by his zeiss camera and at the end of trip he was multiplying them and was distributing to all, the series of pictures. A part in which I am continuing the writing is by seeing of the same pictures so that I remember them. A group of drivers which brought the ambulances from Bandar Abbas to Tehran in the next day went for their

own work and other group like we got mission so that we must deliver the ambulances to the warfront.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR LIFE TIME IN THAT DAY

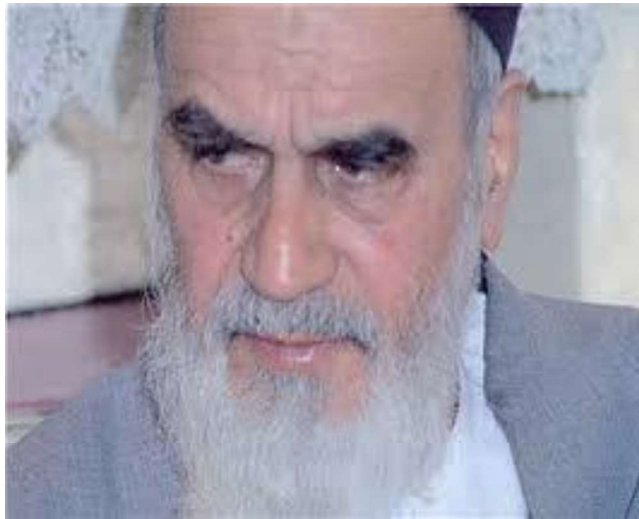
The revolution with the leadership of a man who was claimed to setup Islamic government had been won but from the next day enemies of God's religion were opposed from all over the world, conspiracies was started, our country Iran, was under kingdom of cruel kings two thousand and five hundred years, and whenever people were setting up a movement against, enemies of God's religion had suppressed, but now people wanted to defend from Islam in which was oppressed many years with their meat and skin with the help of Imam Hossein(AS) Flag and wanted to decide their own fate and stand on own feet. Now our lifetime was similar to revolution time of dear Islamic prophet (may God bless him),in which Imam Ali(AS) has described it well in speech number 89 of Nahjolbalagheh book page of one hundred and fifty one with translation of Mr. Dashty.

“God at the missionary said to prophet of Islam: Long time has passed since mission time of previous prophets and nations were sleeping deeply and sedition and corruption have been epidemic in the world and abominations was spread. Then fire of war was flamed

everywhere and world was sunless and was full of guile and deception. The leaves of life tree was tend to yellow and there was no news of its fruits, water of life was dried and guidance signs was old and destroyed. Guidance flags and misdirection was clear and world was looking to people with ugly face and encounter with people of the world with cheerless face and sorrow. The world's fruit was in ignorance and sedition and also its food was from carrion. And was dominated in its within fear and anxiety and in its outdoor, the sword of oppression". But in year 1357(1978) in a short period after victory of Islamic revolution Iranian people were encountered with many conspiracies by internal anti revolutionary group in which with encouragement of leaders of world blasphemy and great Satan America, Britain and Israel so that by excitation of internal race to revolt, making distinction between Shia and sunni people and execution of attempted coup, blind terrors which only ordinary people of street were its target, in continuation, Hypocrites which they had selected the name as holy Mojahedin for themselves, were martyred by terrors of street people,women,children and revolutionary authorities like Ayatollah Motahari,General Gharani and Doctor Ayat and by explosion of central office of Islamic Republic party, prime minister's office and more than thousands of persons of the best revolutionary fellowship and servitor people in which their action in the other country causes fall of any

revolution or government. But because, this country had divine target, Moral leader and the people of sympathetic self-sacrificing, This conspiracy, betrayal and obstacles did not prevent the people to achieve their grate targets. And each flag which was fallen down from any authority or soldier's hand, another one was taken it and elevated and was continuing the way of Imam.

In the next action, protracted conspiracy, the hand of great Satan means America came out of sleeve of dictator president of Iraq, means that, our west neighbor county which by tearing of Algeria political agreement in which many years before was established between Iran and Iraq, He declared it a shred and canceled and by attacking to our land, sea and Air borders and was aimed to conquer the Tehran within three days and to collapse and fallen



down of Islamic revolution? In which was string, null illusion.



Border sign- the international border of Iran and Iraq

Picture from Mr. Nasullah Chamran

TEHRAN 14TH DAY 1359 (4TH JAN 1980)

In the fine weather of one cold day of winter and in the morning of Sunday fourteenth of month day 1359. All the group members were ready for departure in the area of Imam Khomeini's Aid committee, Haj Hossain Merati leader of group, Mr. Golmohammadi and Mr. Chamran from main member of team were decided to leave Tehran to south warfront along with Gentlemen Hashemi,

khyyamnejad, Terani, Madani, Zenullabedin and other people which I don't remember their names and one professional driver named as Hossain agha who was from north of Iran and was humorist of group. Our dispatching started with passing under the holy Quran and taking of memorial picture to south warfront, ambulances moved serially from beside of old building of previous national parliament and entered to Baharestan square through west door. As soon as we reached to first gas station, out of turn, we filled the gasoline. (At the war time vehicles for Aid was allowed to fill the gasoline out of turn). People were convoying us from pavement with shaking hands. we were going to areas in which except, bullet, shell, war cannon, destruction, wound, martyrdom, captivity, and finally, victory, was not in volunteers expectation to going to warfront! We were very happy so that it seemed that we were going to a pleasure trip. I was not knowing the actual meaning of war, (what is war)? all of us except Mr. Hashemi had a chaffiyeh on his neck, others were going to the warfronts with ordinary dress in which we use for daily activities. Along with group members after few minutes we were out of Tehran with ambulances which had been donated by Iranians in Kuwait and left the Qom road and then after saluting the sacred realm of Fatima of Masomeh with respectfully, we reached to Selafchegan three way. After resting of few minutes we entered to

Arak city, group leader said that our next destination is Brojerd city; where, you are stopping at city outset.

Apparently we should staying the night in Brojerd city, day was giving its place to night and sunset was showing its face, then we stopped at Brojerd city outset, waiting for other ambulances, while all ambulances reached there it is been decided that to go to city Imam's home and rest the night there. With our information few days before Saddam's aircraft was attacked to one school in the Brojerd city and many of students of that school were martyred. And the city was mourner for sadness of martyrdom of innocent students. I remember that when we reached to city Imam's home we got information that Hojatoleslam Mr. Sattari who were stayed in southern district of Persian gulf countries had spend his mission there, we met him, that night was a good spiritual night, everyone was talking from Holy defense, War, Martyrdom and manner to be present in the warfront. We were awake upto mid night and drivers gradually started to sleep some corner of room. The last one was Mr.Chamran, he was ready to sleep after few exercise and we also went to sleep with humors of Haj hossain Merati and Mr.Chamran.



Tehran 14th Day 1359 Aid committee (formerly national Parliament)

TO MAKE MUDDY THE AMBULANCES

With pleasure voice of praying namaz of some people which were elder than others, we woke up and soon we sort the beds and went to the area to get ready for praying namaz, After the praying of namaz and taking of breakfast we must to move very soon, Apparently the related authorities had some works in the city for hours and they should have go to Imam khomeni's Aid committee of Brojerd city and have to do some coordination, for this reason group members should wait for them. At night conversations, some members who were local and had experience of being present at warfront told us to make muddy the ambulances, because they were white and

Iraq's aircrafts also flying in Khoramabad and Brojerd cities sky, certainly ambulance must to be muddy so to be hidden. In this case I thought a little, but don't know about the others, it was the time that, moving of us towards warfront were serious, when we were living in Tehran some times Iraq's aircrafts were going out of radar screen and again entering to Tehran sky and through radio we were hearing of warning alarm. Sometimes it was white warning alarm, sometimes was yellow and sometimes red alarm was sounded. Each warning alarms had a special meaning for example red alarm was the sign of air attack imminent and people must go to shelter and safe places. Yellow alarm was the sign of air attack likely and the meaning of white alarm was that whether the air attack was carried out or the danger is resolved and can be come out of shelters. At the day time most of people were not taken the red alarm very seriously and they were looking at sky and following the shooting of anti air attack bullets which Iraqi's aircrafts had targeted. But at the evening or night because all family members were at home together and children was feared, families were sheltering under the stairs and safe places in which was not in expose of glass breaking. Anyway we ignored to make muddy the ambulances but their talks was in our ear. Of course I have to tell that, we did not know how to make ambulances muddy. An hour next group authorities came and we started to move towards khoramabad city. The ambulance

drivers which I was one of them went out of Brojerd city seriate and after sometimes we left the bridge name chalan cholan in the impassable and snowy neck till we reached to khoramabad city, many of drivers had seen the war only in the films but now we were involved the war! of course our war was a holy defense; it means that according to Imam khomeni's judicial decree; helping for warfront was Just obligatory and defense from Islam was for obligatory duties. it means, all the people had duty whenever country authorities declare the war limit to need, people with their life and property defend from Islam, and to defend from Islam was evaluated as important as namaz. Everyone had duty by attending to warfronts and defend from God's religion and Islamic land! Whether we should remain at home or we must to go warfront? Therefore every one with any dress had gone to warfront. Because enemy had intended to destroy the people's religion and sanctities, for this reason when Imam khomeni (God bless him) had issued order to defend from religion and Islamic land, it was duty for all the people to rush to the warfront. Around the noon time we reached to khoramabad city. Group leader was acting well without any problem in relation with stopping, movement, resting and payment of gasoline fees and other needful, without occur of any disturbance in the works, we were only alert. That day at noon time we were guest at home of one of good and genial people of khoramabad city, He and his family were our reception

with kindness. We prayed noon and evening time namaz at the same home and then got ready for movement. Mr. Chamran suggested to be taken a group picture along with home owner. If any one looks to this picture thoughtfully sees that only one person has different dress and he is Mr. Hashemi who has chefeh, I had seen chefeh in pictures of Palestinian warriors before in which at the beginning of imposed war, Iranian warriors also used from chefeh. While other group members dispatching to warfront with their ordinary dress for example my sky blue jacket, in which there is no proportionality with my presence in the war and now I am thinking of that days and laugh! The story of making muddy of ambulances and drawing attention of Iraqi aircrafts also from khoramabadi's friend suggestion was repeated, thus we understood that the mudding work is very serious and anything has a habitude and war also has its law and regulation. Of course I remember that I had achieved this experience in period of military service and overview of the battlefield specially night battlefield in which we had nominated it as night party.



Lorestan province – kind Host's home from khoramabad

THE MONDAY AFTERNOON IN KHUZESTAN ROADS

We performed the Brojerd's friends recommendation and Khoramabad's friends emphasis in the road and made the ambulances muddy. Our feeling and movement of ambulance was different of past day and this morning. Generally I had the honor to drive nearby Mr. Chamran. During driving except paying attention to road and its around sometimes I was looking at the sky, because the danger of bombardment of ambulance and military vehicles in the road khoramabad to Andimeshk was expected.!

During driving, the front ambulance's blinker in which Hajagha Merati and Mr. Golmohammadi were sitting there draw my attention and after few minutes when the speed of ambulances got less and more less I find myself close to a fuel station, Immediately I looked at the fuel gage. After few moments other drivers and ambulances also reached to fuel station and all ambulances fuel tanks was filled up and we moved again. some hours passed and then Khuzestan plain spring breeze was replaced by mountains bone chilling cold. Now we could move in the road with more speed. And then there was no initial fear of driving from Bandar Abbas to Tehran in my body. It seemed that driving of two thousands kilometer in smooth and rough roads caused that to achieve the relative dominance in road driving. However, in driving we should be careful! Because arrogance in driving is deadly for yourself and also for others. Of course further, now I was driving with better feeling but I would be caution, after some minutes we reached to villages around Andimeshek city the road and vehicles were different! The reason was that I was feeling that, surroundings had a strange status! That pleasure in which there was in cities like Tehran, Qom, Brujerd and Khoramabad was not seen here. It was for first time that I was driving the vehicle like ambulance and entering to Khuzestan province through routs of cities Arak, Brujerd and Khoramabad. little by little the sun was setting and golden radiation of sun had created a unique

view on the mud walls. the reclusion streets of city put a memory in my mind a sorrow as to some extent of whole history. Surprise the city was silent and sad and reclusion! All had crawled to their home or ... I don't know! little by little the sun was going back to faraway to replace its place by darkness of night, for the reason of security, authority had turned off the city lights. Even one light also was not in sight. Strange silence was dominated in the city, sometimes a sonorous voice was reaching to ears from far and near? Now whatever I think I don't know where we had parked the ambulances? Area of streets was very dark so that it would not be recognized the around hardly. I remember only while I was climbing stairs of a building, Host directory told me that here is the hotel of Andimeshk city where now it has been used for residency for popular forces. I am a village born and I am familiar with darkness (before the revolution there was no electricity in our village and we were useing for lighting from oil lamp, beige light, lamp). I had no problem with this darkness but it was very different of all darkness in which I had seen in my whole life! At darkness of stair we entered to one room so that it was very hard to recognize the people's face. Meanwhile we heard terrible sound of explosion. The enemy had marched up to nearby Ahvaz and had targeted the Dezful city by own missiles. In this public darkness and hearing of continual sound of explosion, sense of war and martyrdom was feeling little

by little. At that night we had a few kilometer distance from death! When we stayed at room I don't know whether we eat food or not? But I remember that up to morning many explosions had not been cut off a few minutes, our friend from north of Iran which was very humor told us that: children before going to sleep please write down your death testaments! However this talk was sense of humor and all of us laughed but I was sure that his talk was 99 percent serious. Because for a minutes shooting sound and explosion sounds of different bullets was not cut off. I had not thought for death testaments up to that moments. Before I had heard that some rich people must had testament for self but most of us had no property and no wife and children we did not need for this thing. Perhaps Hossain Agha was knowing that we should write a message instead of testament.

OH PEOPLE OF IRAN

“Oh dear father and oh kind mother and oh precious sisters and brothers we have come to warfront for defense from values and sanctities of this land, enemy has attacked to our home and has arrogated a part of our land which if we don't operate for the defense they will seize the rest of the our homeland soil, oh people this enemy is different of all enemies which you have read in the books. This enemy wants to seat on the bayonet our prestige, honor, gentility and also religion by arrogating of the our mother land,

thus we have decided by our presence in warfront not to be ashamed of God, the messengers, the Imams, History and people of the this water and soil. We have come to warfront for this reason so that we don't want enemy to take us and others for captivity at our cities and homes?"

We obtained at darkness of room, with thousands of misery a paper and pen but I don't remember that to write anything on the paper and even where I had put it? I had so tired that after talking and joking some, slept over the soldiering blanket, I am sleepy person if be tired a little I may go to sleep well. That night also I slept well. Of course we had taken the matter very seriously while for other old people this matter was normal. In the morning when I awaked up from sleep we prayed namaz, eat breakfast and Instantly moved. Our route was towards Ahvaz, through Dezful city. When we wanted to pass through the city they told us, last night the enemy had targeted the city by own missiles in which many groups of heroic people were martyred. When we were passing through streets of city many of homes and buildings were destroyed and saw the heroic people of Dezful where they were trying to remove the collapses from people by dozers and other tools and equipment and carrier vehicle. Unfortunately nothing we could do. Of course crowds of people had gathered around the place in which was targeted by missile and they were in effort. We only passed the city streets one by one with great sorrows. The

fearsome of explosion sound of last night in guest house of Andimeshk city in our thoughts had found meaning. Now we had taken the writing of testament or message also seriously. After some minutes we entered to the road of dezful-ahvaz. Then we reached to Ahvaz city. Our place of settlement was a school in the corner of Jundishapur University.

THE FIFT COLUMN IN THE CITY

The traffic of ambulances from any city to other city needed the coordination and whatever we were reaching close to war areas this coordination being more accurately. “ Today we will remain at school nearby Jundishapur university in which the necessary coordination to be taken place so that tomorrow we will go to Mahshahr city and then towards Abadan city “. I remember that those people who had come to Ahvaz before and was familiar with circumstances of city and war, were quoting that, in the beginning of war the fifth column and Hypocrites were assembling howitzers on the trucks and from different places of city were targeting other areas of city by howitzers bullet number 60 so that people compelled to leave the city, and to make circumstances ready for arrival of enemy! In this way, betrayers and traitors who were enemy of Islamic revolution were operating in the role of grader in which in terms was called as enemy’s fifth columns. One of these people who was arrested by

security forces with the help of popular was a person who was cigar seller in the street side in which he was giving the traffic and military equipment news to enemy by wireless. Whatever we were closer to warfront the work was being seriously and we were getting more determined. It was decided that to stay in that school at night, it is clear that winter's days are short and nights are lengthy. When we reached to Ahvaz midday had been passed. After eating the lunch we inspected the inside and around the school and its lanes out of curiosity. The sun was going far away to replace it by night. At this time I noticed that Mr. Golmohammdi's cousin was martyred in Ahvaz which he had came to south warfront in the beginning of war and Mr. Golmohammdi was defining memories from his nature and morality. We were making envy for his status. (After that some times when in Tehran I move from area of Baharestan square towards street named as "Iran" by my bike, I tie the nice memories of Mr. Golmohammdi in which we were stayed in the school area of Ahvaz with the alley's panel named as (martyr) shahid Mojtaba Golmohammdi) the Honor of having emotional and close relation to Mr. chamran caused that he suggested me to go to other side of Caron river for performing some work. Apparently the work was to go to city Imam's home or another work, I don't remember well, but I remember that I moved the ambulance along with him at night darkness and I passed the reclusion streets of Ahvaz with lights off.

We passed through metal bridge of Caron river and went towards street named nadery. While we were passing through metal bridge of Caron I had a strange worry but nothing I told him. It was for the first time I was driving at the sad darkness of night over the roaring river of Caron and in a silence in which was hearing only my heart sound. And I liked to reach the end of bridge very soon. Hearing story of throwing the shell by hypocrites in the city was other reason for passing faster through metal bridge. I remember well the betrayal of hypocrites in terror of people in alleys and market of city. One of these people was my own friend Ali Rahimi Sefat, I remember that we were together for bringing of ambulances from Bandar Abbas to Tehran. Also one time we were together in warfront of Eilam city. Finally he was martyred. He was employed by corporative found Institute of caste in Takheh tavoos street of Tehran where afterwards the street name changed to shahid Motahiry for the reason of terror of Ayattullah Motahiry by the group named as Fergan. His duty was to pay loans to small tradesmen so that people not to live in difficulty, at that time while some people were receiving loan, the Fergan group had been separated some employee from the people, Ali Rahimi sefat with 24 years old who was among of them along with some others from same institute were martyred innocently by this black heart mercenaries with Israeli gun and some other number of staff and people were wounded. I should tell

that in second floor of this limited place which is situated in south of street named shahid Motahary and besides of street shahid Mofatteh which now, that found institute likewise is active for paying loans of low interest to small tradesmen. (now the tomb of Ali Rahimi sefat is situated in martyr piece in the east north, out of martyr building of Islamic republican Party in Beheshteh Zahra in Rahrovan of Martyrs). Hypocrites were introducing themselves as defendant of the poor and they were following a consolidated classless society and they were famous as without uniformity enemy factors. Some of their leader before the revolution were arrested for the reason of armed conflict by Shah's despotic regime, Pahlavi regime was denounced in military courts to heavy punishment and long term prisons and death anyone who was disagreed with them without any fair trial, Specially those who were acting for armed conflict. The clear exemplar of that was arrest of Navab Safavi and his fellowship fighters in which they had been denounced in military courts and sent them to execution squads. But Hypocrites after being captured by savak, for escape of execution they communicated with Savak (security force of shah) even they forgotten their ideas and they were leaked some of their fellow fighter easier!

Betrayal of hypocrites begins from prison and they had continual relation with shah's security organization and they had redefined the organizational miserable life! For

this reason they had good situation in prison rather than other prisoners which this case was not remained hidden from other clever and fighter prisoners eye. Therefore religious and truthful prisoners was imposed to fight in prison at many warfront. Of course some members of Mujahideen-khalg feel innocence and call them Monafegen-khalg (hypocrites) In the following of betrayal of Monafegen-khalg can be pointed out to journeywork of Saddam Hossain dictator president of Iraq who was superpowers servant and betrayed to the Iran people which had given martyr. This is a little part of betrayal of this hellish organization, in which the good readers of this book “ambulance” must know that this revolution and Islamic republic have been achieved with how many hardness and bitterness and with blood donation of thousands of martyrs. Now continuation of this betrayal of Monafegen-khag is the collaboration with Bathy enemy (Iraq) of people of this land. Now I wanted to carry the wounded body or half dead or other martyr body in one dark night and over the Caron bridge by ambulance which it will happen with betrayal of Monafegen-khag and enemy of this land. In my review point of my thoughts! The reason of driving hastily, was the hate which I had before, from history of this hellish group in which I was feeling! We were always reading in ziarat Ashura: Oh Imam Hossain we wish, we were along with you and to be martyr? Yes in hussayniyyahs and takaya and mosques,

which we are crying sadly for Imam,s wronged and his faithful fellowship but when we stand on the battle for the God's religion against the enemy we resist and to have the same idea is more valuable. When I was passing over the bridge it seemed that I am passing through serrat bridge. I had put my foot on the gas pedal and I liked to reach to end of the bridge very soon but Mr. Chamran was recommended me to drive slowly. When we reached to the end of bridge I had a relief breath.



Eilat warfront In the trenches, shahid Ali Rahimi sefat – Merza
aghai

**AHVAZ CITY WEDNESDAY 17TH OF DAY 1359
(7TH JAN 1980)**

Anyway at that night we went and returned with pleasure and we slept up to morning in that school's rooms and it was decided that for obtaining the permission towards Abadan we should go to commander headquarters which was seated in Ahvaz. Haj Hossain Merati, Mr. Golmohammadi, Mr.nasrullh Chamran and other two persons that I have forgotten their name and me, we entered to Ahvaz Governor office with coordination, everywhere in the city was status of war, all the people were wearing war dress except us who had ordinary dress and moving from one place to another place of the city. For example haj hossain had wore coat and trousers. Mr.Nasrullah Chamran and Mr. Golmohammdi with olive color overcoat and I wore a ordinary jacket with sky blue color were along them. My dress and haj Hossain's dress was similar to a dress of those persons who want to go to the party. We with this shape and outward feature entered to the Governor building. Then passed through the corridor and reached to one room which was different of other rooms which we had seen before. as soon as we entered to that room I saw Mr. Khamenei was sitting with military earthy color dress, and Korean overcoat and stylish glasses when I looked around I saw shahid Chamran also was sitting on the ordinary bed with bright

face (shahid Chamran had been wounded in military operation for Susangerd freedom and was spending his restoration period in that room which he was for chief staff of Irregular warfare). My voice held in my throat. I don't know I greeted them or not due to hastiness! Perhaps if Haj Hossain or others were not there it was hard for me to stay lonely in that environment. The room's spirituality had attracted me. After greeting of Mr. Nasrullah Chamran with his brother the H. Imam's (Imam khomeini) representative in defense ministry (shahid Chamran), it was the turn of introduction of group. Mr. Nasrullah introduced all of group members but he introduced me with my small name to shahid Chamran. I think when my name was read shahid Chamran's face changed, perhaps the name of his formerly guard's name was the same as my name in which he had been martyred before? After some minutes Mr. Nasrullah took out his zeiss camera which he held along himself to take a memorial photos. The room was dark and was regulated towards map of war areas and Imam khomeini's picture, with only one small light, all of us with focus on Mr Chamran in which was wounded and had set on the bed we did persistent this historical moment now after about three decade I have looked that glorious moment many times. And from that picture I remember in honor its persistent memory. Then the time of farewell reached and all of us came out of the room and moved towards own seat.



Fight front- shahid Chamran and Islamic fighters



Ahvaz- Governor building - irregular warfare headquarters

FROM BANDAR MAHSHAR TO CHOEBDEH

About the noon time which we came out of irregular warfare headquarters in Khuzestan governor building and right away we went to the school which we were seated there, we took the lunch then moved towards Bandar Mahshar. In ordinary circumstances, the access way to Abadan and khoramshahr is through the road Ahvaz-Abadan but Now with consideration to occupation of the Khoramshar and blockade of Abadan and seizure of roads and being In the crosshairs of enemi there was no possibility of going to Abadan through land road and the only link way to Abadan was waterway between Bandar mahshahr to choebedeh village where it is situated nearby khosrowabad this small port was changed to a strategic point and it was the only lifeblood of Abadan.

Equipments of warfront of khoramshahr and Abadan had been supplied through Bandar mahshahr and choebedeh. After one hour we reached to Mahshahr and we forwarded ourselves nearby to the port. There was afoot an Ashura there, we could not enter to the port easily! Everyone was thinking that his work is more important than others. Actually it was exactly the same.but it needed to think that which work was more important? Some of people wanted to go to Mahshahr to know about their family fate. Medical and auxiliary groups were ready to dispatch there and to take care of the wounded persons

in which they had been damaged in the warfronts. Other groups had undertaken warfronts equipment to be delivered the water, food, and gasoline and fuel to warfront. The desperate people from Militia manpower to Basij (Mobilization) and Sepah (corps) and Army also must pass through this access way to Abadan and khoramshahr warfront in which now is called as khoninshahr. Hypocrites and fifth columns of enemy also have mission to continue their betrayal from this route! All of them were thinking that they have priority in obtaining passing permission. With coordination of haj hossain agha Merati and Mr. Golmohamadi and Mr. Chamran ambulances were placed inside of the ferry by means of special cranes and our voyage started from Bandar Mohshahr towards Abadan. The overpopulation were waiting to get on the ferry but to get on the ferry was not possible so easy, because people except having special permission must have been waited many hours to get on the ferry. There were many families yet in Abadan which their relatives must meet them in which to convince them to go out of city and Islamic fighters which their numbers were increasing everyday for protection of Abadan and lack of fall of this strategic island. When ambulances placed on the ferries deck and ferries took some distance from shore and went to sea, the sun was going down at the evening time I had a strange feeling, hunting the moments with zeiss camera of Mr. Nasrullah Chamran was

unbeatable. When I am looking at the pictures of ambulances with Imam Khomeini's Aid Committee logos which has been specified, many memories are alive for me. That day the first question was proposed for me was this one, how long will take to reach to Abadan? The route of one hour time between Ahvaz and Abadan we should have passed over the water about fifteen hours! Now when I am writing this article is 17th of month Day of year1394. When I am calculating during the time of going to Abadan which was 17th of month Day of year1359 with the time of writing of book named ambulance exactly is 35 years in which I have left behind and this is what a marvelous conflux. Seventeen of month Day of year1359 and Seventeen of month Day of year1394 is time that my pen kisses the paper, remember goodness of the courage of brave men and brave women of this land which they watering with their own clean blood the freedom and independence and Islamic republic. Their spirit rest in peace and their way be full of followers. Anyway my tears do not permit me to see their bright face with my eyes! Cherished and respect to all of sacrifices of men and women of Iran's land in battle ground with enemy.



Water route of Bandar Mahshahr, Choebdeh, over the dhow's deck,
Mr. Gulmohammadi- Captain and Seaman – Mirza aghaei

SHARKS' GAMES AT THE BACKSIDE OF DHOW

Evening time had been reached and the sun was going so swimming own hearth in the sea and the moon was showing own face little by little and turns on our route. Around the dhow was water till the eyes work. While the time reaches in which the refreshing breeze of evening in winter was replacing by cold wind and now to remain in dhow's deck is not the job of anybody, captain of dhow wanted from people to leave the environment and to reach themselves below of deck. I don't know whether there was stairs for going to below the deck or not? But when we reached to place of below deck everywhere was very dark and the smell of gasoline was disturbing us. In ordinary status no body accepts this condition even for some

minutes to remain in that environment, but we had no choice in which no one could see eyes by eyes! Perhaps only light of small lantern was turned on the environment, we had a chance that to remain into the ambulances but I don't know why there was no possibility of this and we should have to go below of dhow deck! The environment was so attractive that I don't remember what we ate and drink anything! We were only getting ready for praying Namaz. I had in my mind for the first time when I was spending my military service in one of cities of Fars province I had the experience of getting on the dhow for half an hour from Bandar Abbas to Geshm, but now it was for the first time I was travelling for the long time at night and in the war areas. Life in the dhow is different of all the places! For praying namaz a preliminary orders are needed and the first action is wash out. I asked from captain about the W.C. of course it is called by some people as toilet or wash room but its correct name is restroom it means that the place to be comfortable. Captain showed me the end of dhow with his finger. When I reached to that place, it was very different of what I had imagined before. The stated restroom or washroom was in topmost end of dhow and its apparent shape of it was a fruit box? with wood which its distance from each other was more instead of toilet bowls! Of course its wood was seemed that very firm. The washroom was surrounded by cloth which wind was moving out. How to go inside of that box in ordinary state

needs special skill, what will happen in unusual state? Man should achieve experience in his whole life and this also was an experience! The dark night, the cold wind of winter in sea, the roar sound of the war cannon, movement of dhow, the fear of fallen down in the sea while are sitting, double cold, the necessity of getting relief, the muscle twitching, not opening of belt hook, the toileting which is along with more pressure now, has faced the work more difficult?! In any way after few minutes of deadly and painful finally I was relieved. And now it was the time of purification, the water must be taken from sea with some meter distance and to use by small tankard which its rope was connected to a corner of wooden board, removing of water with tankard from sea in the night, at the status of non war is very hard, it is enough to imagine that to throw the tankard many time to sea water and collision of its bottom to water instead of its head! Also many times the tankard did not reached to water! The cold wind had targeted my body and the fear of not to be cleaned had upset my mind. Anyway with a hassle and special skill I throw the tankard towards seawater and this time finally tankard filled with water and with caution I pulled it up so that not to spill water! The cloth which wind had replaced it along with roar sound of bullets and the enlightening was turning on the light around of me had taken my quietness and necessary security for calm discharge. For this reason I remember that scenes moment

by moment! Now with cleaned and ablution I succeeded to pray my Namaz in that cold night of winter. I narrated this matter deliberately so that readers to know how is different the works in hard environment with ordinary environment in which any one remembers from relieve position or personal problems, it may damage his character but it seems that sometimes for achieving others experience it is necessary to point out. What so ever this relieve position at the time of doing it, was terrible and tear jerking and now perhaps it seems funny and laughable but there was no choice. In any possible form, Man should manage the environment condition not to be in capitulation and this was an experience. We read and prayed the evening and night and next morning namazes in that dhow. Fortunately the first time namaz was included in our daily indispensable worship schedule in which we were enouncing. Here, it is good to present a sentence as memento from Ayattullah bahjat (Honorable his position) to educated readers of book Ambulance. Ayattullah bahjat has said in relation with first time praying namaz that: namaz is like sweet lemon (chino) so that whatever it be farther away from first time it becomes bitter. Anyone gets used to delay in for praying namaz, he will be ready to delay in the life; (delay in marriage, delay in occupation, delay chide birth, delay in health). What so ever praying the namaz affairs of man be arranged, then all of his life affairs will be regulated. Let we return to

below of dhow the motor sound of dhow and its margins has attractive and audible story. of course story of warfront in any moment and any place will be a readable book if we be accurate? in below of dhow smell and sound of everything was coming. Motor sound with cough sound, gasoline smell with cigarette smell and foot smell... etc. But no one had objection. All of passengers were very tired that they slept in seated status, peoples face were different of the day before. The faces were determined but it can be seen the tiredness and inaction of them from their face. Traveling over the water, that also in a nonstandard environment and for the long period, takes the man's spirit but when we came over the dhow's deck, morning cool breeze of winter changed our mood and when in the side of dhow our looks targeted to sky and sky-blue water of Persian gulf, dolphins or perhaps sharks were Marching in back of dhow or were playing there, It seemed that they were hungry or Human smell was in the air! After some times which we moved from Bandar Mahshahr, we did not see anything except water and sometimes number of dhows which were passing around us and we had no any reliable sign that to know how long times is it, we have moved from Bandar and where we are? I don't know our dhow stopped over the water at night or it was moving? I did not ask anyone nor I had any information about it, but at beginning of day we started with movement of dhow, The sun had gradually cleared

the sea and we were watching the sunrise in faraway and waves were clashing the sides of dhow like slap in the face and when other dhows were passing around our dhow and hands going up for sign of respect and shook, it can be feel the meaning of the life, then we seated in a route after some hours in which we did not see any dhows for the long time.

STATUS OF WAR IN DHOW

Mr.Golmohammadi's cousin of shahid mojtaba golmohammadi (who was martyred in Ahvaz) was from people of struggle before revolution and from defendant of Islamic revolution and had more experienced in this case, when whisper inside of dhow increased and then significant silence between people was ruling, all the people were asking themselves at the heart, whether we are moving in correct direction or we are going towards enemy forces? Because as usual from any minutes one dhow was moving in our direction but now we were not witness of traffic for any dhow? Passing through the water ways was the only access route of people via dhow from Bandar Mahshahr to Abadan. Now the sun has spread own stand in the earth and sea we should have been witness of different dhow and also hovercraft traffic! (hovercraft, or sea floaters are like raised trucks in which vehicles and military tanks and other military equipments can be shipping by them easily) but now why not passing any

hovercraft besides of our dhow? Mr. golmohammdi had one handgun (kolt) in which we were unaware of its existence till that time. when it was clear and certain to all that may be captain of dhow deliberately or by mistake takes us to enemy's camp God forbid, he went towards the captain of dhow and took out his handgun from his dress and told him with loud voice: if you don't know the route, wait till a dhow comes which you can find the route with the help of it, otherwise you will be the first person to be injured? It was here in which all understood that the action is serious even captain! Whether there was an evil thoughts or another thoughts in captain's mind or not I don't know? But I know that when this matter happened our route changed through the sea water and after some period we were in the mainstream in which dhows and boats had been seen that were going towards Bandar Mahshahr and there was existing over the dhows and boats furniture, along chicken and cock and sheep of war-damaged peoples of Abadan in which was shipping to Mahshahr or hovercrafts were trailing the military equipment. when we seated in this crowded route I had good feeling, because I had heard the captivity of Mr. Mohammad javad Tondguyan the oil minister of Islamic republic and his companions at the beginning of war many times in which they had came to Abadan for reviewing the situation of oil refinery and oil areas and got captured by Iraqi forces in condition that they would not think there

were Iraqi forces in that route. And at the end the brave, mobilized, loveable minister had been martyred as stranger under the barbaric torture of intelligence forces of Saddam Hossain (president of Iraq).His memory to be cherished.



WHEN PEOPLE WITH OWN BLOOD SAYING “NO” TO THE ENEMY

When the movement of our dhow continued towards Bandar choebdeh. The cloudy weather and tiredness due to floating on the water about 15 hours was given hope to the group to have a hard work. Whatever we were getting

close and more close towards war area the work enthusiasm was getting more and we were understanding the meaning of war better. observation of large boats which were shipping the local people and nomads with their means of subsistence towards secure area was showing the heavy wounded body of this land in which most of people were not aware of the truth, because some dependent people who had been infiltrated within the government did not want the public to know that what has happened to their country in which they have experienced the large revolution.the determined people who in continuation of own Islamic revolution had torn the sections of colonialism and exploitation one after another, and wanted to stand on their feet, Now have faced with a large conspiracy and now the main enemy who is the same as criminal America with allies and hired servants have aimed to destroy this revolution.! According to Imam Khomeini's speech that, this is American conspiracy which has come out from sleeve of Sddam hossain the president of Iraq. The enemies of this land wanted to suppress this freedom of great Iranian nation in the world. But they were not knowing that people of this land have determined to resolve so that to say 'No" to Superpowers and for this freedom they are ready to sacrifice to death and blood! Our dhow was reaching to beach gradually and berthed in small Bandar of choebdeh. Choebdeh is the name of village in proximity of khosrowabad which has

been changed to a city and is the only link way and supply route that all use, from public to military forces and Islamic army of sepah and other Islamic republic forces through Bandar Mahshahr to Abadan and everything from needle to military tank, armored tank, gasoline truck, purveyance, and all things were provided through this small primary port.

CHOEBDEH A SMALL PORT WITH GREAT MISSION

Islamic republic news agency, Abadan – Iran- the strategic port of Choebdeh in kilometer 45 in south east of Abadan city is considered as the only port that is Abadan link center at the period of area surrounding, the strategic port for supply, support, transportation of forces and ammunition to Abadan and war front line.

With report of Irana agency after attacking of violator force of Iraq's Baath military on 31 of shahrivar year 1359 and following the capture of khoramshahr city and surrounding of Abadan city, Choebdeh port changed to a center for Iranian fighter support and to deliver the purveyance and ammunition in direction to breaking of Abadan surrounding.

With capturing of link road of Abadan to Ahvaz and Abadan to Bandar Mahshahr and complete surrounding of Abadan, supply of ammunition, transportation of wounded

people, exit of those people who at any hour and minute were injured or compelled to leave their home under the Cannons (Khamse, Khamse) and mortars of Baath government. Some people were captured in this transportation road by Iraqi soldiers. Therefore the only way for supply of little warfront's ammunition and transportation of people and wounded persons was carried out though water way Bandar Mahshahr to Choebdeh, Or by means of Havaniruz's helicopters to this port. One of inhabitants of choebdeh of Abadan city told me that: Days at the beginning of imposed war and specially when Abadan was surrounded, the only departure and arrival way to Abadan peninsula was choebdeh. Captain (thamer farhani) added: many of fishing and cargo dhows in this region were famous for transportation of supplied force and people and many buoyant were bombarded by enemy or were targeted by their bullets in Arvand river outfall and drowned. He stated: people of choebdeh with kindness had been welcomed the people who were coming from Abadan, Arvandkenar and khoramshahr to this region and given them residents in their home. Also another one from inhabitants of choebdeh told that: I had given devotion my dhow for transportation of people. Ahmad nasari added that for the reason of visibility of a part of sea route we were trying to move the route at night and also with engine off along with Bahmanshir river Tide so that the enemy does not see us. Another inhabitants of

choebdeh named sayed amar mosavi told that choebdeh is gateway defeat of Abadan blockage and victory of Fave. He continued, at that time all the fighters were knowing this matter, when Abadan city was under enemy's surrounding fighter's requirement including supply of ammunition, food material, medicine and first aid were provided by means of available dhows in choebdeh and through water way of Mahshar. It would be good to remember here from daryagoly surani chaharmahaly who were in the Groves of zufagarry lane which was an ordinary wrecker and with his action created an epic and after martyred his name became persistent.

DARYAGOLI CYCLED TO ABADAN SO THAT ABADAN NOT TO FALL DOWN

Daryagoly surani was an ordinary wrecker in Abadan who was noticed from bahmanshir which in attacking time of Iraq to Iran the surprised influence of Iraqi, and with riding a bike of 9 kilometer distance from old car graveyard in zufagarry lane up to location of friendly forces and alerted them to make aware of Iraqi attack.

NEVER MIND OF PETER'S FINGER

Never mind of small finger of peter, take to attention the riding of daryagoly who the hero had no grave stone nor any place among the pieces of martyrs.

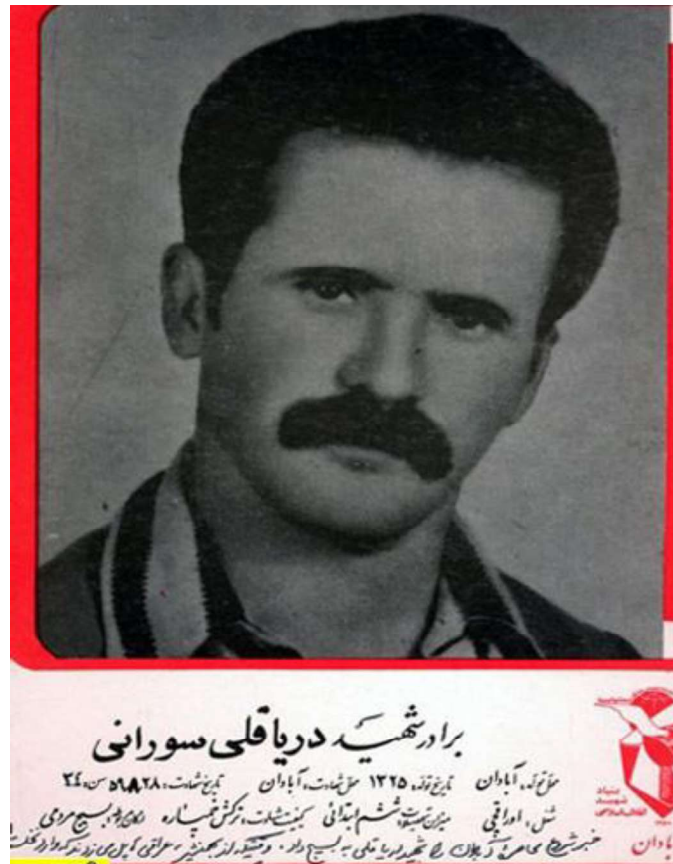
The Greek soldiers who had been run the distance about 40 kilometer of desert (maraton) up to Athens with one breath so that to inform victory of Greeks versus Iranians but when he reached to Athens to inform this news, falls down and dies. Now this tale is the base of performance of running competition of marathon which is one of fixed foot of the Olympics. Of course apart from that, this competition is held in other periods of year in different places of world.

According to raja news report Although running 40 kilometer of Greek soldiers from marathon till Athens is a tale and lie, but riding bike of 9 kilometer of daryagoy surani from zulfagarry lane up to sepah seat of Abadan in autumn year 1359 has been registered in history and his witness has slept, in addition to fighters has slept calmed and quiet under the grave stone in row 92 segment 24 of cemetery Behesht- Zahra (AS).

Dayagoly surani at that time was sitting in the groves margins of Abadan between wrecker cars which saw that Iraqi Baathes quietly cutting of Groves of zulfagarry lane And after building bridges on the Bbahmanshir river going towards khosrowabad so that to complete the surrounding of Abadan. Dayagoly instantly takes a bike and rides up to Sepah seat and there with excitement shouting to hasan banadery Commander of Sepah of Abadan that: Iraqis are coming through zulfagarry lane.

Hasan banadery and sepah's forces going towards zulfagarry lane and Iraqi soldiers quickly, and the result became this, the next morning Iraqis instead of coming towards khosrowabad road returned back to bahmanshir river!

Dayagoly along with people of Abadan while had no proper weapon and ammunition in hand battling with enemy in the zulfagarry lane and succeed with sacrificing to disappoint the influence of enemy. Dayagoly surani wounded in zulfagarry lane and defense operation and reached to martyrdom in transportation of enemy to behind of warfront. God bless his soul. Many of young people which had made stamping ground of martyr piece in beheshe Zahra in thursdays are not aware that daryagoly surani has calmed in one corner of the same heavenly stamping ground. He had no good grave stone up to these time before, now any way never mind of peter's finger, Hold on the foot of cyclist martyr dayagoly surani till our city's air gets fresh.



PASSING OF IRAQI SOLDIERS FROM CAROON AND MARD BRIDGE

Surrounding of Abadan, was a great battle in the beginning of Iran and Iraq war. In the date 18/07/1359 Helical Hijri, Iraqi transgressor army forces with passing through Caroon river and building two floating bridge in the region of Mard and Solaymanieh succeeded to

transport his forces to the east of caroon river for capturing of Abadan city. At this date with cutting off link road of Abadan to Ahvaz took the passengers for captivity who were exiting out of Abadan. And in the date 19/07/1359 Iraqi forces also cut off the link road of Abadan to Mahshah and with passing through this road and reaching to north of Abadan and north beach of bahmanshir river which is one of important river in Iran succeeded to surround the Abadan city. In this surrounding which was formed the angle of 270 degree, Then resistant people of Abadan remained at their home so that not to permit the Iraqi Baath forces to succeed for captivity of city. Although defendant forces of city had no effective military weapon. Actually the available weapons of Abadan defendants was effective only for a street war and not for a battle against the Iraqi army which was armed to the teeth! People and remained unprofessional forces in city was rallied and resisted in front side of the enemy with their all power and by taking modeling from Karbela movement and with available facilities in city.

THE PETROL TANKER WHICH DID NOT REACHED TO DESTINATION

We reached to beach of choebdeh village while the half of day had passed. It was set up a strange scrambling in that small beach. Some people were trying to get on the dhow which had came from Mahshahr. A group wanted to step

down to the land impatiently in which they had no hope of returning from there. Only and only they were in thinking in kicking out the enemy from our dear homeland. Our dhow berthed beside of the beach and after necessary coordination ambulances were unloaded by special cranes with full caution and seated on the earth. Drivers and other people were getting on the ambulances and our movement started from primary area of choebdeh village towards khosrowabad, Haj hossain Merati and Mr. Golmohammadi in one ambulance moved as forefront. One ambulance that two persons were seated on there and I don't remember their names and me and Mr. Nasrullah Chamran also by other ambulance moved after them. The movement of vehicles were taken place hardly, because road was muddy, loose and sticky and sometimes ambulances were wheel spinning, we were getting down and stepping down on the earth, earth was very muddy and sticky so that if our shoestring were loose, our feet separated from shoe and sticking in muddy. Finally we reached to tree ways or two ways of khosroabad.

We saw a tanker from far away which was upside-down. I asked from somebody that what has happened? he answered: it is a petrol tanker which has came from mahshahr to choebdeh by hovercraft and now for the reason of slipping of its wheel has been upside-down at cornering! Unfortunately we were witness that how much petrol were inclined to hollows which should to be filled

the fuel tanks of relief vehicles, war vehicles and other carriers and armored vehicles! Moaning of driver also was heard among the roar of cannon, war tanks and shells bullets. There was latent a deep sorrows on the fighter's face who were passing besides the overturned tanker the sorrow which was the beginning of tears! Because their fellowships were needed the petrol for going to warfront line or for carrying of wounded persons to field hospital, I was imagining in my mind that from now onwards we will see from this scenes more! We passed with ambulance sorrowfully from beside of overturned tanker of petrol and now we were carefully that our ambulance not to be stricken of that tanker's fate. Because we were knowing that one sip of water, one piece of bread or one liter of petrol are how much valuable and vital and carried with what difficulties. The sound of bullets and shells were getting close and more close at any moment. Explosion of Cannon (khomseh), Blast which at every seconds and minutes was cleaving the sky's curtains and was sitting in the heart of one building or targeting one vehicle in the road! Here there was no danger alarm and sheltering. The life in Abadan and war area was different so much from the life in other cities. Danger alarm in cities were sounded sometimes when enemy aircraft were getting out of radar range and were reaching to cities sky or residence area or sometimes also the red alarm sound was heard simultaneously with bombardment? And after few second

the white alarm was sounded so that, the people to come out of shelters, but here all were targeted to expose of shells and bullets and bombardments hitting at any moment and chests were shield so that, the people to be in safe and there were less one to fear of anything, once in a while muddy and alarming ambulances delivering these brave men to hospital or back of warfront or were taking the wounded persons to Bandar Mahshar or Ahvaz by shenuk helicopters.

THE CITY WHICH WAS SEEN WITH FEARS

I was stepping to Abadan for the first time, of course I had heard its description before for many times, Although the city had war status and smock was going to sky from Abadan refinery but it could be understood the greatness of this city easily. In such condition finally we reached to location of H. Imam Khomeini's Aid committee of Abadan. When we got out of ambulances, an individual came to welcome us which afterward I came to know that his name is Dashty. He had a brunette and swart face and his black color chafieh had made him more loveable person Mr. Dashty thanked us for reason of our presence many times. we had gone to Abadan after about three month passed from beginning of the war and it was the time that H. Imam Khomeini had declared obligation; participation in warfront is just obligatory; it is mean that so long as the warfronts need helps it is duty of all the

people to go to warfront and a person who is imitator must be obey. Before that, we were busy of helping to people who damaged in flood in the south of khorasan. The enemy was knowing what he is doing?

People with victory of Islamic revolution had changed in such a way that they were knowing all of the people like their family member and if any incidence was happening for anyone, others were rushing for the help. One of Islamic luminous revolution objective was attention to the oppressed people and most of people including old, young, girl and boy were taking the initiative for any help and aid. Unfortunately in such confrontation every day, every week, every month new conspiracy was established by hands of arrogance of world with the leadership of America in the region and corner of our country so that this dear and kind nation cannot stand on their foot and finally imposed the ruinous war for two nation of Iran and Iraq by means of Saddam Hossain, Iraqi dictator president (at that time people of Iran were called him as an unbeliever Yazid sadam).

Shahid dashty had many unsaid articles from Iraqi soldiers attack and their murder and looting to khoramshahr custom office in the beginning of war. He was from brave and sacrificed nomads of khoramshahr who remained at his home along with his wife and helped to the war wounded people with primary utensil although

he had no any qualification for rescue work! Only think about it, when an ordinary individual in the village meets an accident and for example breaks his head and bleeds, a person which has no facilities what will he do for wounded one? Now imagine that at any moment bullet or shell injures or martyrs any one or group of people. Some villagers including men and women what can afford? Now when I am thinking of him, my thought takes me from my home, lane and streets of my location which in that time was situated in around khorasan square of Tehran, To road of Brujerd, Khoramabad, Andimeshk, Dezful and Ahvaz, passing through Caroon bridge reaches to Bandar Mahshahr and passing behind the Abadan till to reach close to khoramshahr's groves and obeisance in front side of kind God and in continuation my imagination takes me to Persian gulf shore and remembers me of martyr divers and along with sea seagulls which are flying towards the throne in such a way that eyes not able to see it. After 30 years I am looking at Mr. Mohammd hossainzadeh Dashty's picture at threshold entrance door of fist floor of building for village council and municipality organization of Ministry of Country on the wall, besides of martyrs with tearful eyes but with proudly. And now with tragically I am adding Mr. Dashty's talks to this page which was stated with one world smart pain. He told at first from pillaging of Abadan custom office in which there was a great capital in that custom office and the

enemy was robbed them like Moguls or destroyed. He showed us one ambulance with discomfort and regret in which had capacity of twice of our ambulance and was unbeatable in its type, then told us there was nobody to take out one ambulance or another vehicle, I had chance only to take out from custom office this ambulance? and I don't know how much has area of the khoramshahr custom office, but when I went to Bandar Abbas and the custom office, I understood that how large is the khoramshahr custom office! I can only give an example which our ambulance was a city ambulance and from strength point of view was like car name pride, but the ambulance which Mr. dashty could take out among of hundreds ambulances from khoramshahr custom office, can be used easily in hard and impassable roads. When I was looking at that ambulance besides our Toyota and white oval shape ambulance in which had taken from Bandar Abbas to Tehran and from there to Abadan with effort had no good feeling! but shahid Dashty with all of these things, was thanking and appreciated us and told that God bless you, that you came here and then suggested us to get around by vehicle so that to understand the situation of friendly forces and enemy's forces near the Abadan. Getting around in Abadan in war time was not so easy. At that time Abadan was in blockade and had only linked in one direction to country and as I said before that it was through Bandar Mahshahr we should have moved with

hardship a rout of one hour in about seventeen hours from sea route, so had many differences with today situation; in other word Abadan city was warfront line and the distance of Iranian forces with Iraqi soldiers in which in some areas without camera and naked eye was less than 50 meters and it could be seen the Iraqi trenches with caution and in behind of green tall plants like shmshad. At the time of touring around in the city the sound of explosion of bullets and shells was echoing and was not cut off at any moment, there was a fear in my heart but shahid Dashty was calm in such a manner that I was astonishing! At first with the sound of each bullet our look was returning towards the sound and when it was exploded at least one tick and Jerk taking place in my face, In that moment Mr. Dashty was saying with smile that: don't be afraid! These sounds are related to other region and it has distance from us. They were living in war region and were thinking to a great aims and had shield their chest for the peoples of Iran. We passed the smoky streets with smoke beside of refinery and moved towards terminal groves of Abadan. In the rout and besides of a road, a exploded and rusty military tank got my attention. All of us got down from ambulance and run towards the a/m tank. I was seeing these type of war equipment for the first time. Mr. Chamran with his zeiss camera was not unaware of whatever to be in relation with war and warfront and was taking picture from them. Taking photos from ourselves besides of that rusty

military tank in Anbadan road was exactly like taking photo from trophy war tanks which is located anywhere in the country. After that we got on the ambulance and continued the route till we reached to dense groves in nearby warfront line. We parked the ambulance in a safe place which not to be in exposed of war cannon and war tank's bullet and went into the groves. Mr. Dashty moved from front and we behind him. Whatever we were going ahead into the groves Mr. Dashty recommendations was more. he taught walking, manner, how to talk and other things in war region. We reached close to place that Iranian forces were seated there and we had no permission to go ahead. We were standing beside of the building which Iranian forces were using as stead. Mr. Dashty was recommending us continually not to go ahead, because Iraqi forces might be targeted us with camera guns, Therefore we were looking at khoramshahr's bridge with caution which was borderline between Iranian and Iraqi forces! Mr. Dashty told with sorrow and alas as large as area of history of this land: how it is hard that, a man looks at his city with apprehension and caution? I am sure that this sentence of Mr. Dashty will remain in our mind always in which many times myself and others were telling: when khoramshahr will get free? The khoramshahr city which at the time of occupation had changed its name as khoninshahr.!



WHAT HAPPENED IN AHVAZ AIRPORT

After some times for the reason of repeating in commuting and helping of fighters along with my old friend Mr. Mustafa Khaiyamnejad which we were resident of same location in Tehran and we had gone to Abadan and south warfront and for the reason of more tiredness and being in far distance, we liked to return to Tehran by airplane. Because we had heard that there was possibility to travel to Tehran by plan C130 is very easily, therefore we went to Ahvaz airport along with Mustafa. In waiting hall of the same airport a overpopulation of fighters were sitting on the earth until to travel to many cities of county in which possess airport. We were regretful at first look so that, why we have came to airport because we were thinking that we should have wait two or three days until our turn reaches, for this reason, we were not knowing that an airplane of type C130 has capacity of how many people? We said to ourselves anyway it is better to return to city and go by inter-city bus! Meanwhile we consider that some Air force officers along with group of Islamic revolutionary Sepah of pasdaran

members want to go to airport waiting hall!, I don't know what a thought came to our mind that we reached to one of air force officer and told him that: we have came from Abadan and had taken supplies to the warfront and now we want to go back to Tehran.

Whether is possible to come along with you? Then young and loveable officer showed us with his hand one of air force officer which was walking and talking and said go and tell him! I and Mustafa reached to them fast. At face of same air force officer had been seen a particular dignity and sobriety. With saying the word Master we stated the matter and he instantly said does not matter. We were not knowing what to do while we were happy? When they continued their movement after few second we reached to the final control gate in which one guard was there as an inspector. Without license they were not giving anybody entrance permission. We queued ourselves in line and the first officer also helped us and pointed to guards: "there is no problem" the guards who were looking at us carefully and might ever make barrier for our departure.

Therefore for the first time our feet reached to airport runway in our life and after few moments we walked up from airplane stairs and sat on the small airplane seat with joy which I don't know its name. When we enplaned calmly on the seat I was in surprise that, where did go those officers and army? In apparently, that airplane was a commander airplane in which had one special part and one general part which were separated from each other. I and Mr. Mustafa were observing the happiness in each other's face. It was for the first time that I was enplaned. Except us there was another one also which after some minutes we understood that he was a news reporter. It was clear that he had enplaned many time so that, he had sat calm and in common status? I and Mr. Mustafa had no quietness we were getting up from one chair and sitting on another chair and watching the outside of plane while time, airplane moved and after few moments plane toke off from the earth so that we had strange mood. Then airplane soared and flied to sky in such a way that cleaved the clouds and then get out of clouds

and we flied upside of clouds so that from upside of clouds we were not observing the earth. With that unmatched scenery I felt in my thought and body the non forgetable joy after 35 years in which had passed from Imposed war! At that time there was nobody to notice us to sit on the seat and fasten your seatbelt? Two rows seat of plane were at liberty of three of us and we also were not knowing the regulation of the flying. That reporter also was sat on his seat, perhaps he had understood our mood which we had not seen the airplane and he was happy internally that we are enjoying in such a way and was telling himself, let them be enjoy and be happy! Gradually we returned to normal mood and sat in our seat and when we asked him why the airplane is in such condition and those officer allowed us to enplane, who they were? He told us: that officer who gave permission to you, was air force commander and defense minister, and the other officer of army was Islamic republic of Pasdaran army commander! It was strange! Of course we had seen them perhaps one or two times in TV but at that time

with that special military solemnity and speed in question, I had no necessary accuracy of looking at his face! We were becoming friendly with that reporter. Airplane landed on the runway of, Mehrabad airport. In which we must to get down of plane. Reporter, Mr. Mustafa and I got down from plane without any sundries. When we looked at around we saw that all of passengers got on the cars that were waiting for them. We were standing by astonish and were looking around ourselves? We felt homesick a moment. What should we will be doing and what direction we should have go? Then we considered that there is a runway of military airplane. When I and Mr. Mustafa looking each other and had a sorrow smile a fashionable Chevrolet car stopped besides us, we shocked with wandering mood! At the same moment the rear window of car came down and air force commander of Iran Islamic republic said us: you don't have car? We told him with homelessly "No" he said us, come on" get on"! We also sat nearby him with speed in rare seat. The room of bulletproof car of defense minister was very comfortable that we

could feel the sound of our breath. There was no sound from outside! There was ruling a sheer silence and there was no sound raised from driver and the person who was sat near him (defense minister's guard) we had only experienced (seen) car named paykan and Toyota oval shape ambulance which if we were not hearing sound from its motor we were pressing more gas pedal to ensure turn on of the engine! But we were not hearing the sound of engine with polite driver of chevrolet car, we reached to Azadi square. The special condition was ruling and no one had anything for telling, I liked to say something but I did know how to start and how to propose my question with that military person? We had learned in school and high school and military service that the speech which we want to talk should be prepared before and many times to test the talk and then submit it, but now I had an important question in which only this dear and loveable person could answer it? It was a golden opportunity and I had sat beside him with non describable honor shoulder to shoulder. I should not missing this opportunity.

Our dear khoramshahr the part of our country had been separated from our land and enemy was gaffing and scoffing all the people of Iran who had determined a great revolution and all superpowers and their servants are helping him and Islamic of Iran has no supporter except God. I was similar to one that wants to jump over the stream, and many times goes front and rare till to reaches the edge of the stream and finally targets other side of stream and then gets regretful. I was also whenever wanted to state my question I was regretful. But finally I overcame my anxiety and fear and said excellency, can we take back the khoramshar from enemy? General javad Fakury defense minister and air force commander of Iran Islamic republic after adjusting of himself and inclined his nice face towards me, with penetrating look which had made his face more loveable from backside of his stylish glasses answered: **it is hard and impossible with account of military tactic and human thought but only God must help us?** When one commander of war which is the head of air force of

army had such opinion, the people in which have not understood the situation of that period must know, the people and youth of this land how much have been sacrificed for their country. And how much they have been given their blood. With receiving of this answer the sorrow as large as my land's map sat heavily in my hearth from beginning of Golestan and Turkamanchay Agreement and remembered my geography teacher of high school period Mr. Rahpayma in which when he was talking regarding Golestan and Turkamanchay Agreement he was not crying! But while I was writing this lines in memory of the martyrs and heroisms of people of this land, cleaning my tear droplets which have left my cheeks at own lonely, in which my fingers have targeted the letters of PC keyboard so that the enemy not to be witness of our hidden sorrow! And when Khoramshahr city released in third of Khordad year 1361 H. Imam Khomeini the great leader of Islamic revolution of Iran said: **God has released the Khoramshahr!** I smiled victoriously and thanked the God.



THE WORD THAT JOINED TO FACT

God has released the Khoramshahr! Yes this was the fact that which our dear Imam had stated at the time of release of khoramshahr in which the nation tie their pride with the name and will of kind God, and this sentence was similar to word of dear and revolutionary commander of air force and defense minister (shahid general javad fakury) which I heard in my first fly for my earthly life with other statement and thoughtful from his language. In this way, After two years the word of general javad fakury joined to reality. sometimes later this sacrificed and good

commander, after breaking the siege of Abadan and successful operation of Tarig algods and release of Bostan city, in which he was returning to Tehran along with a group of army and sepah commanders including General Fallahi, shahid kolahduz, shahid Jahanara (sepah commander of khoramshahr) and some other forces, flying by airplane No C130 from Abadan to Tehran met an air accident around kahrizak, area in such away that all of them died and submitted their life to life creator, which their memories will be remained alive and eternal in the heart of all of people of this land. At any time, I go to beheshteh zahra cemetery, I cherish with plaintive and mentioning of salavat and Fateheh,in memory of him and other martyrs and in memory of that day which shahid javad fakuri the kind, strong, dandy commander allowed us to fly to Tehran by commander's airplane and to go to Pastor street, the prime minister's office (Mohamad Ali Rajaei) along with him directly, so that he could take part in the governmental cabinet session and at stop time of car ordered his driver and said "Attain the gentlemen up to their destination " Their memories be good and their manner be full of followers.



Shahid General Javd Fakury Air force commander and defense minister

THE MOOD LANGUAGE OF PEOPLE IN NAHJOLBAIAGHEH

Recently I have decided to read with accuracy one page from the book Nahjolbalagheh which is translated by Mr.Dashti from zohd publication, and this was in confluence at the ending time in writing of articles of book Ambulance which I reached to speech number one hundred twenty one in page number two hundred and thirty one of book Nahjolbalagheh which has faith and political subject and that is for description of martyr followers of H, Imam Ali (AS) in which they were loyal for him. After I read again and thought well, I saw this speech is also the mood language of people of this land! In other side this time was simultaneous with thirteen day of

Rajab the birthday of H.Ali (AS) which I think to blessed the book ambulance with the nice name of H Ali.

DESCRIPTION OF MARTYERS FELLOWSHIP IN SPEECH OF IMAM ALI (AS)

Where are? The people who invited to Islam and they accepted it, they recited the Quran and recognized its meaning. They excited to the religious war, like the camel comes towards own chide, they interested in religious war, toke out the swords from sheath and surrounded around the earth, group by group, queue by queue. Some of them martyred and some rescued. they never were happy from surviving of anyone in battleground and at the death time of martyrs did not need for consolation, with long cry for fear of God, their eyes were upset and from more fasting, their belly were tin and affixed to the back. Their lips were dry from abundance of orison and their face were yellow from vigilance. And dust of humility and modesty were sat on their face. They are my brothers in which they have gone and it is our duty to be thirsty for their visit and bite our regret finger by toot from sorrow of separation.

A NIGHT AT MOSQUE OF MAHDI (AS)

“ To return to Abadan” after returning from inside of groves where I was looking at khoramshahr bridge with fears and sorrow there, we went to city tour. Whatever it is showing now in my thought more than all,was burning of

different parts of Abadan refinery in which is one of greatest oil refinery of country. I remember that at that time I was eating grief but Mr. Dashty was telling us: the important parts of refinery has not been damaged and in this case he was happy. He in continuation said: smock turn off due to burning of refinery is easy but for the reason of not to be In the crosshairs of the enemy again we don't turn off important parts of it purposely. I was getting calm a little with hearing of this matters but the memory of bloods shed of people of my land unjustly always makes me upset, although they are in heaven.

The whether was getting dark little by little and the sun was going so in far away behind of smocks which was firing from refinery, replacing its place by bright moon and moonlight was lighting our way till, all were going to the mosque of H, MAHDI Promised (AS). When the Azan echoing from minarets of mosque so that deists put their forehead on the soil and murmur into the ear of earth till their sounds to be heard in skies, we also put our forehead on the soil and when our eyes were looking at the walls of mosque, bullet and shell holes of Bathy enemy had been seen on the walls easily.



Abadan refinery in smock and fire

MORALITY OBSERVANCE IN HOLY DEFENCES

There was no place to be safe in Abadan and other war areas from the enemy damages! Home, school, hospital, mosque, Husseiniya, handicaps and orphans sanitarium even farms and cows and sheep, all and all of those places were targeted by enemy. But Islam for battling has determined custom and border. For this reason H. Imam Khomeini was reminding the morality in war to fighters continually. In such a manner that when one of pilots of Islamic republic air force army was getting ready for bombardment of Iraqi military construction in the Baghdad's sky and close to the target point and at the meanwhile there is possibility of passing anybody over the bridge, perhaps he may be a common person, in this case

the pilot may sacrifice own life and to get targeted by enemy, and bypassing again and after passing of passer from the bridge, targets the same point.?!

In the earth also the youths of this land were putting their forehead on the soil with admirable calmness and they were assuming the enemy very small and they were going among of enemy's heart and when they were surrendering and they were getting in trouble by giving of their thermos to enemy prisoners watering them and if enemy prisoners were wounded, were helping them like friend soldiers. when we see and hear the warriors spirit and manners we feel envy to the their status. We were also encouraging from their courage and I will never forget that unbeatable spirituality at the evening time of mosque of H.MAHDI(promised) AS.



Abadan -Mosque of H.MAHDI (promised) AS

THE TRIP IN WHICH CHANGED MY LIFE

To see the sacrificing of humble ladies and gents of this land resulted for big change in my life in such a way that till end of war, I received this honor, which from Persian Gulf shore up to piranshahr Heights for the relief works at different periods to be at warriors services. Also once I had taken part at the continual of fath-almobine operation in the range of hill number 60 in warfront of shusheh daneal. After that and at the war period I decided to marry and I interested in marring with martyr's family, and the God presented me this success in year one thousand and three hundred and sixty two so that to marry with honorable sister of shahid Ali Nazary who have been

Honored to martyrdom in Moslem ebn-Agil (AS) operation in the sumar region and when my first child was born at the end of year 1362, I selected his nice name as “Ali “ so that always history in our generation to be repeated for helping for Islam and Moslems.

A PART OF SHAHID ALI NAZARY'S TESTAMENT LETTER

In the name God

The most honorable death is martyrdom.

With salutation to Imam "zaman" and greeting to his vice legitimate Imam Khomeini and boundless hello to Islamic revolutionary martyrs, I want from God to connect this revolution to revolution of H. Mahdi(AS) and to give me martyrdom, a martyrdom to be along with knowingly and sincerely only on his way.

My father and mother and all the revolutionary people

If I honored to be martyr and be capable of this dignity, you must not cry for me, because if I be killed in the way of God I will live in a good place, in a heaven which prophets of God had been promised.

Let to know that, this world is mortal and fleeting, everyone should go from this mortal world one day, Thus we know that we will go, it is better to go with full knapsack and good dignity. I want you to think of yourself a little, consider to your behavior, action and your routine works.

My dear mother

I know that you are upset of my death but know this case that with this disturbance you are disturbing me and also yourself and also decreasing your reward.

At Ashora noon time which Imam Hossain was killed and all the children of Imam remained homeless and orphan and ate whip. Even dead body of Imam Hossain remained in the desert. And for burial of him, there was presence of his family member only, then you incarnate these scans near yourself.

My mother please know this that, with all of this cruelty and tortures and killing of Imam and his family and inmate Islam stayed permanent, that time you get result of it so that, this Islam needs blood because Islam till now has war with bullies and must fight with them if I and similar to me and these bloods not to be shed the God's religion will not remain stable,

Oh people!

Oh people don't allow the bullies to dominate you and if God forbid, this country falls down by hands of stranger it is not possible to take out from their injustice. Thus as you can compromise with its hardships of this revolution, And try to be friend of revolution and suppress its enemies.

Oh Dear people!

Know this also the fighter in warfront are talking from occult helps and they say bullets are reaching us up to few meters and ricocheting but bullet does not hit us. Oh people don't be opposition of this revolution for the reason of materialistic things and don't only think of materialistic. You should think of spiritual and you should know that materialistic is the device for reaching to it.

Oh people!

Move after revolutionary leader and his fellowships in which these are right and leader is our Hossain of zaman (Time), we must accept his call (labbek). History is repeated and Hossain of zaman has extended his hand for the help and all nation of Iran are responsible for it and bounded to obey whatever Imam has ordered in any background. Try to act the orders in which Imam has given. We know that these orders are from Imam zaman. God willing, and Grant success to all of you. Adieu! all of you!.

Ali Nazari.

بسم رب الشهداء و الصديقين
السلام عليك يا ابا عبدا...الحسين

وعدده گاه حزب الله

صحن ابا عبدالله (ع)

اینها بسوی خدا شتافتند و لبیک گفتند به دعوت اسلام و سعادت را برای خودشان تحصیل کردند و شرافت و عزت را برای غرب و جنوب بلکه برای همه ایران بلکه برای بشریت .
(امام خمینی)

بمناسبت چهارمین سالگرد شهادت پر افتخار پاسدار اسلام برادر

علی نظری

که در قربانگاه سومار عملیات مسلم ابن عقیل بشهادت رسید
(مرگانه در خانه)

مراسم بزرگداشتی روز دوشنبه ۶۵/۷/۱۴ از ساعت ۳ الی ۵
بعد از ظهر در مسجد قائم (عج) واقع در چهارراه نظام آباد اول
سبلان شمالی برگزار میگردد

با حضور خود ضمن تجدید میثاق باخون پاکش یادش را گرامی و راهش
را ادامه خواهیم داد .
(از طرف خانواده شهید)

THE MOOD LANGUAGE OF MARTYR' MOTHER IN WHIMPER OF CHILD

Dear Ali you are glory of my eyes, Dear Ali you were martyr of Islamic way!.

Ali you went to eternity home, but you don't know the mother's pain and sorrow.

Why you have cut off your heart from mother, you have chosen the home close to friends.

Oh my dear! you went and took your home in the Beheshteh Zahra cemetery besides the martyrs.

I am coming every Fridays to your home and pour my tears to your flowers.

I will bring flowers for you on Fridays and making monody similar to nightingale.

Oh Ali you are above of my head and sprit and I will shout oh my calm life.!

Oh Ali you are the fruit of young garden, oh Ali you were disappointed in life.

Oh my blossom flower, your home be blest, I have blood-stained, your home be blest.

Good by Ali you are Quran's guard and you have sacrificed in the religion way.

Good by Ali I went out of your alley, in which the victim of heart is full of your wish.

LAST SPEECH

When articles of this book reached to the subject of marriage with sister of one martyr and birth of my first child, I felt that to connect ending of this book with birth of my son named Ali so for the next time and next memory, and for the more confidence of this decision like always I went seeking for holy Quran and in front of direction to Qibla for divination in which the Ayeh 23 from Sureh Ahzab caressed my eyes as:

(Among of the believers there are men which kept troth frankly for whatever they were covenant with God, some of them were martyred and some of them are in waiting and never changed their opinion.)